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The Hooded Boat on Windymere.

BY MABEL S. MERRILL.

CHAPTER TWO.

BAB sat down and covered her face with her hands. "The smugglers have got Snowball," she sobbed; "anyhow, he's gone!"

"The basket was right in the way of the boat; they could hardly have helped running it down even if they'd noticed it," urged Val. "Don't cry, Bab. Likely as not Sailor Joe will give you another chicken. He's got a poultry house bigger than the house he lives in himself."

Clink turned a handspring on the bank and came right side up to say eagerly: "I'll tell you what! I can't take a minute's peace till I find out about that hooded boat, if that's what it is. What made it go? I couldn't see a paddle nor hear a sound. Let's walk up the shore and see if we can get another look at it."

They went back past the big pine and the old oak-tree where the eagle had perched.

"I guess that fellow slid down and took himself off when he found he couldn't get a shot at that bird," remarked Clink. "Look, what's this?"

It was a bird's egg of a large size and it lay unbroken on the moss.

"The thief dropped it and didn't notice," said Val, with a frown. "That fellow with the wrinkled-up hair is one of the sort that doesn't know how to be decent out in the woods. See, there's the nest he took it from."

They all felt indignant as they looked at the little brown nest far up in the branches of the pine. Robbing birds' nests was more like the work of savages than a civilized boy.

As they walked up the bank they came to an open place where they could look over to another island so near that the channel between had been bridged by some heavy planks laid from one shore to the other. Bab skipped across with a little crow of delight, and they all followed, eager to explore. It was a small,

high island, not wooded. From the highest part of it they could look down over more islands with a perfect maze of winding channels between.



Drawing by Evelyn Mosher.

"It's a good place for anybody that wants to be a smuggler or bird's-nest robber, ordering other folks off the earth when they come anywhere near," commented Val.

"There's the lightning again." Clink pointed to an island some distance away where that puzzling flicker of brightness was dancing about in the bushes. At the same moment they spied the hooded boat gliding along in the shadow of an overhanging bank.

"Oh dear, isn't it the strangest thing!" cried Phillis, and then she jumped as Bab said in a loud whisper:

"I see a smuggler, and there's the house he lives in—only I guess it's a barn."

She pointed to an old building like a large shed set back in the shelter of a thicket. A man was coming out of the shed—a twinkling-eyed man with bushy gray whiskers. They rushed at him with a shout as they saw that it was Sailor Joe, the good old neighbor who lived in a little house just over their orchard wall. At his heels two fat lambs were frisking along and three or four sallow-faced old sheep came bleating after him.

"They know what I've got in this pail as well as I do," chuckled Sailor Joe, as he showed his pail full of salt. "These islands," explained the old man, "are my sheep pastures wherever the feed is good. I have a few sheep and lambs on most of them—except the ones that are all woods. I come every week or so with a pail of salt."

He listened with many shakes of the head while they told him about the hooded boat and the strange boy in the big pine.

"I've never seen any boy," he said, "nor any boat like what you speak of. The strangest thing I've seen among these islands is legs."

"Legs?" repeated Val, puzzled. "What kind of legs?"

"Why, common legs hanging down out of a tree as if the man was sittin' on a limb high up. Most everywhere I go I see legs dangling overhead when I stop to rest my oars in a nice shady place under the bank. I spoke to 'em once, but they didn't answer. No, sir; they was no boys' legs. They belonged to a grown man with rubber-soled shoes."

"Then the boy is only one of a gang," declared Val. "Look, Joe, you can see that hooded boat now going up between two islands. Wish we had a motor boat so we could chase it and see what it's doing."

Sailor Joe shook his head. "You can't use a motor boat on Windymere. Too many shallows and snags. But there's my rowboat that scoots along like a duck. I've got to go to four or five more islands with this salt. If you come along with me, likely as not we'll run afoul of that queer craft sooner or later."

They needed no second invitation and in a few minutes Sailor Joe was rowing them up the channel at the other side of the island. They would have lost their way in no time in such a maze as this, but Joe knew every turn and twist. Once or twice as they cruised about they caught a glimpse of the hooded boat gliding along some other channel. The last time it was ahead of them, skirting the curving shore of an island, but it had vanished before they could overtake it.

"We ought to rest and have our luncheon now," Phillis decided at last. "It's such hot work rowing, and here's a nice shady place where the trees hang over the water. I don't see why they call it Windymere when it's just as still as a looking-glass."

"I mistrust they named it in the middle of the winter," said Sailor Joe. "It's windy enough out here long in January."

They moored the boat in the shade of that overhanging tree at the mouth of a little deep cove that was almost black with the shadow of deep woods on either side. Bab thought it would be cooler up in that dark place, but Sailor Joe was afraid of getting aground if he tried to enter. They ate their luncheon and then decided to stay and rest a while longer before they went on. The old man lounged and dozed against the end seat and the young ones talked in whispers, not to disturb him.

Suddenly Clink got up on his knees and stared hard into the dark boughs over their heads. "Look," he said in a hollow voice, "here's the legs!"

High above their heads the rubber soles of two shoes could be plainly seen. A man was sitting motionless in the upper branches of that tree. They could not see his face, and if he knew that a boat full of youngsters was right below, he gave no sign.

"Maybe he is deaf," whispered Bab.
"What are you staring at in the bushes, Val?"

Val made no answer. He rubbed his eyes and stared again into the thicket on the bank. In the shadow of a large beech he had suddenly made out a face—a familiar face with a mop of hair hanging over its forehead. The mysterious boy was sitting there in the jungle as motionless as the shadows around him. But for his eyes, which shone bright in the gloom, Val would never have seen him. He was looking straight at the party in the boat. As Val's eyes met his the strange boy fumbled softly in his pocket, found a piece of chalk and swiftly scrawled in tall white letters on the smooth dark trunk of the beech, "Keep still!"

Val might not have heeded this command, but that the boy suddenly wrote in still taller letters, "Please!"

"Hope he isn't waiting to get a shot at some bird," thought Val, uneasily. "Well, I suppose we shall have to keep quiet and see what happens."

It was not long to wait. The boy leaned forward and reached a cautious hand into the underbrush. They could not see what was hidden there, but next moment the watcher in the thicket rose quietly to his feet.

"I've got her, sir," he said, and from up in the tree came the quiet answer, "All right, lad."

They turned around to see a man coming down from the tree—a pleasant-faced man, who nodded at them as he and the boy disappeared in the bushes.

The four in the boat were so surprised that they sat still till their excited whispering woke up Sailor Joe. The old man had just taken up his oars to move on when something came gliding noiselessly out of that little dark cove. The hooded boat passed within three feet of them and was gone up the winding channel before they could get their wits together.

"Oh," cried Bab, "it was hiding up there all the time, and I'm most sure I saw an eye looking out of a spy-hole in the tent thing and laughing at us as it went by!"

(To be continued.)

A School-time Wish.

I'LL tell you what I'd like to do:
I'd like to live next door to a zoo!
The animals I'd have for chums;
I'd get the adder to do my sums;
And when I'd a task in geography,
The kangaroo would bound for me.
The seal would seal my letters, you see.
And the monkey steal dates from the history;
The elephant would lend me his trunk, I know,
When off on my travels I wished to go.
I'd spend the eagles and fly the kites,
And the tapir would light my room o' nights.
I should have great fun, I think, don't you?
If I only lived next door to a zoo.

Author unknown.

A Thimbleful of Needles.

BY HARRIETTE WILBUR.

COULD a humming-bird select a more fitting site for its dainty thimble-nest than a rosebush? The gem of all nests in the gem of all plants! I discovered it one early June day, and henceforth counted myself favored by Dame Nature. For a hummer's nest is nearly as hard to find as that pot of gold at the foot of the rainbow, and when one does chance to lay eyes on the tiny thimble in which the humming-bird cradles her babies, one will gladly dispense with fairy-gold. And to have such a nest in one's own front yard,—that is a favor indeed.

For several days we had noticed a pair of humming-birds about the flowers, and had studied the dainty creatures in delight. But that they had designs on the rosebush never entered our minds. But one day I noticed a male Ruby-Throat sitting on an ash-branch about a rod from the bush, apparently no more alive than a stuffed bird. I trained my glasses on him, and watched. For an hour or more he sat there, with scarcely a lift of a feather or a blink of an eyelid. What could he be doing, loafing there so idly? I was determined to find out, and finally my patience was rewarded. He flew down into the rosebush, and there, on a tiny lichen thimble, sat Dame Ruby-Throat, brooding!

Every day thereafter I was sure to see Goodman Ruby-Throat in the ash tree, almost any hour I glanced his way. And that he was keeping good watch of his little mate was very certain, since one had but to approach that rosebush to have him buzzing and squeaking about one's ears.

Ten days after, I found the nest; the two birds were flying in and out, in and out, bringing food to a pair of long black needles that kept lifting themselves over the edge of the nest. When I went over and got a glimpse of the babies, I nearly shrieked, they were so very ugly. Just thrust a pin through a tiny tuft of cotton batting and you have a working model of a newly hatched humming-bird. How the tiny body, no longer than a honey bee, ever lifts such an enormous beak, nearly an inch long, for food, is a marvel. No wonder the eggs must be nearly twice as large around one way as the other,—that budding bill needs room.

The feeding was rather trying to watch. As Mr. Torrey says, "It is a frightful looking act." I could never see anything in the parent's beak, such as a dangling bug or worm or berry. But whenever one of them flew in, it surely brought a mouthful of food with it, for as soon as the parent alighted on the edge of the nest, and a tiny black needle would come up to greet it, wide-open and urgent, the parent would push its beak into the gaping youngster and pump into it half-digested insects and spiders. I always held my breath for fear the tiny nestling would become impaled on the parental beak, but it never did, and was always as good as new for the next feeding.

After ten days of care, the little ones were decidedly larger, a good two inches in length from beak-tip to the stumpy tail, and were feathered much like the mother, though less metallic and with considerable down ruffling their plumage.

It seems to be the rule that nestlings shall fly before they are matured, just as human babies walk while they are still infants. Young humming-birds, like other nestlings, have to acquire fullness of plumage and trimness of build on the wing, as it were. Nature knows they need wing-power more than beautiful plumage, or graceful form, and sees that most of the food that is being pumped into them during the nestling period goes to develop wing muscles. It is remarkable, too, that the birds fed by regurgitation fly before those fed on whole food. Perhaps the half-digested pulp is more quickly assimilated, and so growth is forced.

One day the nestlings were out on the branch when I arrived for my daily inspection, and the parents were nearly crazy with having both to feed and to be present should one of the darlings get blown away like the whiff of down it was. And when one of them tried a short experimental flight to an adjoining branch about a yard from the home twig, the delight, or frenzy, of the mother was almost pathetic, it was so keen. She accompanied the little one all the way, shrieking with joy, or with fear, whichever she felt, and when it was safely landed, she flew around and around it like a buzzing wind mill. Then back she must go to comfort the break-heavy little mite on the home twig, threatening each instant to follow its older brother.

The next day, when I went to call, the family was gone. And I still have the nest. I watched Ruby-Throat guard, on its branch, decorating my study, as a memento of one of the most interesting bird-families I ever knew.

The Firefly.

FIREFLY, Firefly,
Let me see your lantern.
Will your light go out in rain?
I will let you go again;
I won't cause you any pain.
Firefly, let me see your lantern.

Do you carry gas or oil?
Have you battery—lighting coil?
Is it wood or coal you burn?
Did it take you long to learn?
Tell me where you keep your matches.

Are you made of bits of moon?
Is your lantern on your shoon?
Won't you come again till June?
Please to let me see your lantern.

AGNES RYAN,
in "*A Whisper of Fire*,"
The Four Seas Company.

How Jean Makes Hash.

JEAN, the negro *chef* at a certain country club, makes hash that has no equal. The fame of the dish is great, but the secret of its excellence eluded everyone until one day a member of the club complimented Jean on his skill.

"How do you do it?" he asked. "I never get hash like yours anywhere else."

Jean's black face glowed with pleasure at the compliment. "Beef is nothin'," he replied, "potatoes is nothin', peppah's nothin', onions is nothin'; but when I frowes myself into de hash—dat's what makes it what it is!"

Youth's Companion.



Daisy Play.

BY MARGARET W. LEIGHTON.

WE love you, dear daisies,
So bonny and bright,
With sunny gold heads,
And frills snowy white.

Down to the meadow
So gaily we skip;
With arms full of daisies
Homeward we trip.

Then—oh, what fun,
With our flowers to play!
We dress little sister
For Queen o' the May.

With daisies we crown her—
Oh, she's so sweet!
Daisy chains hang
From her head to her feet.

Grandmas with spectacles,
Queer girls and boys—



A daisy will tell you,
When True Love's away,
Whether he's loving you,
Day after day.

Best of our plays
With the daisies, we think,
Is to make flower people,
With scissors and ink.

They give us more fun
Than a shop full of toys.



The Harvey "Forgetory."

BY EDNA S. KNAPP.

MRS. CASE stopped her *Tribune* tonight; so did the Channings and Mr. East," announced Bobby Harvey breathlessly as he flung down his bag now empty of papers. "Where's my kite?"

"In the top of Jennings' tallest pine," answered Lois.

Bobby groaned, but before he could speak, his mother's quiet voice asked, "What was the reason, son?"

"Fellows down at the store wanted papers and I forgot and sold too many. This is the third time I've been short. Guess they got tired of it. But Lois, who has been using my kite?"

"You have," returned Lois. "You left it up in the air with the line across the car-track when you started on the route. The car cut the string; the kite flew away and caught on the top of that pine-tree."

"Is it spoiled?" inquired the luckless owner. "You know I spent two whole Saturdays making my big kite; it was the finest one any of us boys had."

"If it isn't ruined, you never can get it, because there is no ladder in town high enough to reach, and nobody owns an airplane," Lois told him. "Too bad, Bobby. I'll help you make another, and maybe we can do it better."

Bobby drew a long breath. "I will go and take a look at it," he said in a very subdued manner. "It's spoiled, all right," he declared on his return. "I'll begin right off to plan a better one."

"Not to-night," interposed Mother Harvey. "The paper accounts have to be made out and the bills written."

"That doesn't take long," said Lois cheerfully. "It is as simple as primary arithmetic."

"Because you keep your accounts in good shape and know how you stand," remarked Mother Harvey, with an approving glance at Lois. "After lessons are learned and accounts straightened out, we will all plan a kite, the finest ever made in town."

"I will decorate it for you, if you like," offered Avis, who had a decided talent for painting.

"If you will, I can have a stunning kite," he assured her. "Come on, Lois, let's get those old accounts fixed." So the two

younger ones bent over the books; Lois's sunny head and bright face in marked contrast to Bobby's dark mane and the scowl he unconsciously assumed as headdled columns and consulted his cocoa-can cash-box. He counted the change several times, added his columns again and again, and finally turned squarely around with a pleading look at his mother.

"What seems to be the trouble?" she queried, laying aside her work at once.

"My money isn't all here," said the boy, gloomily. "Who has been taking any out? Lois, did you?"

"No," replied Lois, after a moment's thought. "I haven't had to take any to make change except from Mother, and she keeps me straight."

"Avis, you must have been the one. I do wish you'd let my money alone," said Bobby, irritably.

Avis stared at him. "Did you ever know me to trouble your cash-box?" she asked.

Bobby shook his head. "Mother never does unless she changes a bill. Somebody must have meddled. There isn't any one but ourselves who knows about it. Yes, there is, too. Janet Macrae knows. I have a great mind to ask her."

"You will do no such thing; think what you, yourself, have done with it," said his mother.

Lois was already on her feet in indignant protest. "Janet is just as honest as we are. You know where Mrs. Macrae keeps her household purse: how would you like her to accuse *you* if something were missing?"

"The idea! She never'd think of any such thing," returned Bobby, loftily. "She has too much sense."

"Better have a little yourself. Have you looked in all your pockets?" asked Lois. Bobby made a search in each pocket of his every-day wear, but in vain. "Look in your Sunday trousers," insisted Lois, with a merry twinkle in her eyes.

Bobby came back with the missing half-dollar in his hand. "How did you know?" he inquired in surprised relief.

"You were chinking something in your pocket all the way home from Sunday school, and you told Harold Macrae that men always carried money 'round with them," responded Lois. "I just happened to think of it."

"It is lucky that you did," said Bobby, and the rest agreed.

"I haven't forgotten anything serious in a long time," declared Lois, much pleased with herself.

Alas for Lois! Pride only too often comes before a fall. Next morning was rainy, and she needed her stormcoat for the first time in a week. She plunged both hands into the pockets, as was her custom, only to come in contact with a bunch of letters. Her heart sank as she drew them out. After one look she rushed for her mother, crying, "See what an awful thing I've done!"

"Forgotten to mail those for Miss Nan?" questioned Mrs. Harvey.

"Yes, I've had them nearly a week and they are the letters to arrange for Miss Nell's automobile trip among her classmates."

"How did it happen?" asked Mother, kindly.

"I went in to see both sisters last Saturday night and Miss Nell gave me these letters: she said they were very important but she could trust me as I had been so good to Miss Nell. She'll never say that again. Oh, what shall I do?"

"There is only one honorable thing to do. Hurry along to school and show them to Miss Nell; she will tell you whether anything can be done about it."

"Couldn't I mail them right off and say nothing?" asked Lois, with quivering lips.

"Are you a coward, Lois?" queried Mother Harvey, in surprise.

Lois looked her mother straight in the eyes, and the misery in her young face made the mother put her arms around the child. "I don't think I am, mother, but I hate to hurt Miss Nell. It doesn't matter what she says to me, for I deserve it all; but it *will* hurt her to have Miss Nell so disappointed. You know Miss Nell has only two weeks' vacation."

"I know," admitted Mrs. Harvey. "Very likely it is useless to mail these letters now."

Lois kissed her mother and started without another word. It was still early. She tried to hurry up the familiar path, though her feet seemed weighted with lead. "Miss Nell," she began in a tone very different from her usual merry one.

"Are you sick, child?" asked her friend, anxiously.

"No, I wish I were. I deserve to be shot!" groaned the unhappy culprit. When Lois had made a clean breast of the matter she felt a little better, though the pale pink went out of Miss Nell's cheeks, leaving the face as white as the dainty gown. For a moment Miss Nell did not speak, then she said faintly, "O Lois!"

Lois only looked at her in silence.

"I don't mind anything that happens to me, but to spoil Nell's whole vacation!" said the loyal sister. "Well, it can't be helped now. Save the stamps and put the letters in the stove. Lay the stamps on my desk, please."

Lois came back feeling still more wretched. "How long since I dusted your room?" she demanded.

"You only missed one time, but dust gathers fast with open windows," her friend answered. "The most tragic thing was that when Doctor Bent came to bandage my foot he could not find a dustless spot for his cherished hat."

They both laughed at the thought of the dandified young physician and his predicament. Then Lois grew sober again. "Did I spoil Miss Nell's whole vacation?" she asked humbly.

"Not entirely. The first hostess was at home but had received no letter. So they telephoned ahead after that. Of course she missed some friends who had already made other plans," returned Miss Nell.



THE BEACON CLUB

OUR PURPOSE: Helpfulness.

OUR MOTTO: Let your light shine.

OUR BADGE: The Beacon Club Button.



Writing a letter for this corner makes you a member of the Beacon Club. Address, The Beacon Club, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

15 SMITH ST.,
CHARLESTON, S. C.

*Dear Miss Buck.—*We hope you will come down to see the Unitarian Sunday school. We would like to be members of the Beacon Club and wear the button. We belong to the Blue Bird Club of our class, and to the Junior Alliance. We are in Mrs. Smith's class. Mrs. Smith is going away, and we are very sorry, but she is coming back after Easter.

Yours truly,

THE BLUE BIRD CLUB.

Annie Warren, President. Nadine Hasseldine.
Clyde Evans, Secretary. Florence Pairo.
Rae Webb, Treasurer. Ray Rourk.
Rosa Bailey. Maude Smith.

681 UNION STREET,
MANCHESTER, N.H.

*Dear Miss Buck.—*I wish to become a member of the Beacon Club. I am ten years old and in the sixth grade at school. Our class at Sunday school is taking up "The Bible and the Bible Country." We are also memorizing

the books of the Bible. I would like very much to correspond with some other members, preferably from Wisconsin or California, but not especially from any one State. I live in the "Granite State" and love it dearly.

Sincerely yours,

ISABEL STEARNS.

P.S. I get *The Beacon* every Sunday and greatly enjoy its stories and enigmas.

R. F. D. 1, Box 21.

TELlico PLAINS, TENN.

*Dear Miss Buck.—*I'm eleven years old and in the seventh grade. I go to Sunday school every Sunday. A friend of mine gave me some copies of *The Beacon*, I enjoy reading them.

I would like to join your club and wear the button. I would like to correspond with some boy of my age.

Yours truly,

Clyde Cole.

Other new members of our Club are Caroline Stafford, Baltimore, Md.; Ruth Burkhard, Minneapolis, Minn.; Mary L. Stearns, Manchester, N.H.; Helen Griffin and Rosa Smith, Flushing, L.I.; David H. Cooke, Loveland, Ohio; Evelyn Mower, Burlington, Vt.

"Can you ever trust me again?" was Lois's humble question.

"I'll try you this noon," said Miss Nan. "I used to do exactly the same kind of thing myself, though I might have been a trifle worse."

"*You?*" breathed Lois, in amazement.

"I was exactly your kind of a youngster, only without half your energy," said Miss Nan. "Now, run along or you will be late for school." That night Lois stopped as usual for letters, and lingered. "Is there anything I can do for you?" she pleaded.

"Talk to me for a while," suggested Miss Nan. "I am tired of telling people how to cane chairs and fill cracks in the floor, or what a man in Ontario can do for a sore toe, and if tatting is well known in Germany. To-morrow I have to design a dress for a stout lady, but she can wait."

Lois slipped down onto the floor beside the chair-couch. "I wanted to ask you how you learned not to forget," she said. "I am bad enough, but Bobby is getting to be just awful."

Miss Nan smiled her sudden heart-warming smile. "My little sister was living then, and she was worse than I. So my mother asked me, as a personal favor, to see that Louise did not leave her tasks undone. It reformed us both ultimately and was rather good fun for me."

"Would you mind telling me just exactly how you managed it?" asked Lois hopefully.

"Mother gave us each our own small tasks for every day and I made out a program such as we had at school. We pinned this on the dining-room wall and checked off the jobs as we did them. A vacant square meant a failure. Louise was ashamed to let me find blanks in hers and I simply had to set her a good example."

"I understand," said Lois. "But I can't write things down publicly, because Bobby would be mad right off. I'll think of the things we most need to remember when I get up in the morning, then go over my day at night to find out how well I have succeeded."

"That might do just as well," remarked Miss Nan, encouragingly.

"We both have the excellent 'Harvey Forgettory,' but I will be a committee of one to keep Bobby from sins of omission,"

decided Lois, immediately. "I believe I can do it and it will help Mother, too. She had the worry-winkle back in her forehead today. Only I must not boss Bobby; boys won't stand that."

"Girls do not like it very well, either," put in Miss Nan, calmly. Lois giggled. "And I've got to keep right on trying every day. Don't grown people ever get tired of being good or does it become a habit?"

"Habit makes the doing of certain things much easier," began Miss Nan, evidently amused.

"Then there is some hope for me," continued Lois, pensively. "I mean to be a trained nurse, and they mustn't ever forget a single thing. Somebody might die if they did."

"I know. I have often wondered what life might bring to you, little friend," said Miss Nan, slowly.

"I have to begin thinking about a profession, because I must go to work as soon as I can. You know there are three things one can learn to be, without going far from home. One can go to Normal School and be a teacher; go to Business College; or go to the Hospital and be a trained nurse. They get such big pay that I'd rather be one of them, I believe. If I were a stenographer, I might have to work for some disagreeable man in an office."

"It is good to consider the different vocations now, but you are not compelled to decide just yet," Miss Nan advised.

"I like to think about serious matters once in a while," answered Lois, jumping up to begin a romp with the canary.

The Garden Plants.

BY ANNIE WINFREY MEEK.

SO many little garden plants
Fold their first leaves in prayer
The very first time that they reach
Into the sweet-spring air.
I think, perhaps, they are so small,
It is their gentle way
Of saying, "Please take care of me
As long as I may stay."

RECREATION CORNER.

ENIGMA LXV.

I am composed of 21 letters.
My 17, 20, 12, is a common drink.
My 10, 2, 14, is not high.
My 15, 12, 18, is worn on the head.
My 7, 16, 18, 15, 11, 21, means one or the other.

My 3, 2, 6, 4, is an instrument used to blow on.

My 8, 9, 17, 11, 6, 19, 2, 6, is the inside.

My 5, 7, 9, 17, 10, 20, means not rough.

My 1, 8, 17, is a mineral.

My 13, 11, 9, is a bog or marsh.

My whole is a famous American poet.

RENE ALLAN.

ENIGMA LXVI.

I am composed of 15 letters.
My 8, 18, 3, is a small article.
My 5, 13, 14, 15, is something that girls like to wear.

My 3, 6, 14, is a girl's name.

My 11, 12, 4, 7, 7, is part of a nut.

My 12, 2, 14, is a fowl.

My 1, 10, 9, 4, 3, is a color.

My 11, 13, 3, 15, is what some people like to do.

My whole is a noted General.

F. L.

TWISTED COUNTRIES.

1. Rfncea.	8. Kadmern.
2. Psina.	9. Kyeutr.
3. Gnenlad.	10. Cegree.
4. Yaronw.	11. Salsru.
5. Wesend.	12. Yamengr.
6. Dieranl.	13. Halonld.
7. Casolntd.	14. Tilay.

MONROE WALKER.

BEHEADINGS.

1. Behead wide, and leave something to travel on.
2. Behead a small opening, and leave a place to put papers.
3. Behead the ruler of a country, and leave an inhabitant.
4. Behead something to eat, and leave to say something.
5. Behead part of a tree, and leave a place where cattle are raised.

Sunday School Advocate.

ADDING A CONSONANT.

Make the following into a complete sentence by adding a consonant: omouseleuroseyeler exedoubarails.

ETHEL S. WILLIAMS.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 29.

ENIGMA LXI.—Grover Cleveland.
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